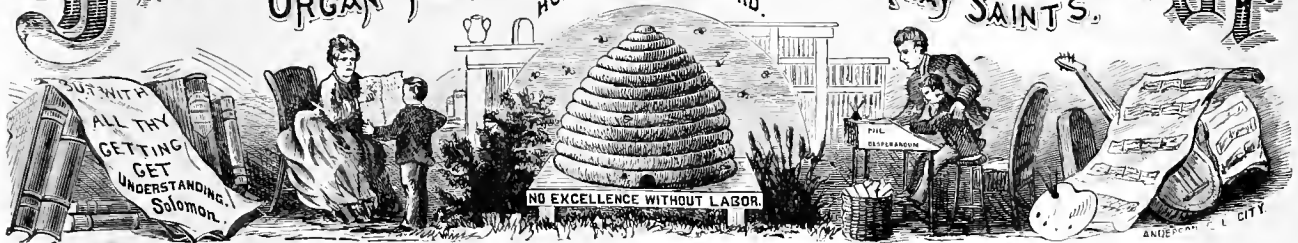


THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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NO. 21.



SAMSON GRINDING AT THE MILL.

SAMSON.

PROBABLY most of our young readers have read the story of Samson, as contained in the Bible. It is rather romantic in its nature, and withal quite interesting; but it is too long for us to give it here. Our readers may find it in the book of Judges, commencing at the 13th chapter, and we would advise them to read it.

Of course, it is not a complete history of Samson which is there given, but only a few of the most extraordinary incidents in his life, for we read that he was a judge in Israel for twenty years.

He was the strongest man of whom we have any record, and the feats of strength and courage related of him are very wonderful—almost incredible.

Samson was raised up by the Lord for a special purpose. Both his birth and the particular object of his life were predicted by an angel.

It is interesting to note the nature of the angel's instructions to Samson's mother at the time that he foretold the birth of her son. He said, "Beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing."

This is good advice for mothers in our day, and fathers, too, for that matter; and if it were followed by parents generally, the result would be seen in stronger and more healthy children, inheriting no taste for strong drink.

Then it was said by the angel that Samson should be a Nazarite unto God from his birth. That implied that he should abstain from the use of strong drinks and live a temperate life, and never cut his hair. Doubtless the abstinence of Samson contributed to his great strength of body as well as his favor with the Lord, but there are some things recorded of Samson that are anything but commendable. While he was strong bodily he was weak morally. He possessed strength to slay a lion without a weapon, to burst new ropes and green withes when his hands were bound with them, to slay a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass and to carry away the gates of a city, but he lacked strength to withstand the wiles of a treacherous woman. The result was that Samson during his life saw a great deal of trouble, all brought on by his own folly. Our picture is intended to illustrate some of the trouble which he endured. He is grinding at the mill in the prison house at Gaza, after having his eyes put out and being fettered with brass by his enemies.

But, notwithstanding Samson's weakness and folly, his life was made to subserve the purposes of the Lord, even according to the prediction—he began "to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines." Even the last act of his life, at the time he met his tragic death, tended to this object.

He was led as a poor, blind prisoner into a huge building where a great number of Philistines were assembled to offer sacrifices to their god and to rejoice over Samson's misery. There were so many present that about three thousand men and women were seated upon the roof, besides those who were below. Seizing two of the pillars that supported the building he uttered a short prayer, exerted all his strength and broke the pillars, bringing down the house in ruins upon himself and the Philistines. It is stated that more were killed upon this occasion than he had slain all the rest of his life.

There are lessons to be learned from the history of Samson that all who read it should endeavor to profit by.

THREE things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 232).

THE members of the legislature, with few exceptions, were ready to carry out any plan that would injure or destroy the Latter-day Saints. All the prejudice against them which circulated through the country they fully entertained, and they were prepared to go to any lengths to give expression to them in a hostile manner.

Jacob C. Davis was a member of the senate from Hancock County. He was indicted for the murder of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum, his brother. There is not a doubt but he was in the mob which committed the massacre at Carthage jail. But the senate, instead of allowing the law to take its course and him to be tried for the crime of which he was accused, discharged him from arrest.

No one of those engaged in the commission of that bloody and treacherous deed was to be punished by the law. It would have been a new feature in the history of the world for a people to suffer a prophet of God to be murdered, then to have justified and applauded the crime, and afterwards punished those who perpetrated it.

Like the Jews, who crucified the Savior and who were willing to take upon them His blood, so the legislature of Illinois, by shielding Jacob C. Davis, were ready to share the responsibility of the murder of the Prophet and Patriarch and to take upon them all the consequences of shedding innocent blood. This man Davis was suffered to make bitter speeches against the people of Nauvoo and in favor of the repeal of the charter on the floor of the Senate, and was listened to with as much attention as if he were not a murderer. In fact, a member of the Senate, John Dougherty, from Union County, openly justified the murder of Brothers Joseph and Hyrum.

What could be expected by the Latter-day Saints from such a legislature? In vain did the representatives from Hancock County, Hon. Jacob B. Backenstos and Hon. A. W. Babbitt, plead for the rights of their constituents, the citizens of Nauvoo, and appeal to the sense of justice, equal rights, patriotism and humanity of the members; the latter were resolved to repeal the charter, and thereby deprive the people of all legal protection and expose them to the full violence of their enemies whenever they chose to attack them.

Nauvoo was the most flourishing city in the State of Illinois. Its situation upon the Mississippi was most beautiful, and there was every prospect of it becoming, if left to grow undisturbed, a place of great commercial importance. When the Saints settled there it was a very sickly place; but their industry, perseverance and union had, in a few brief years, improved it, and it was rapidly growing in importance. The people in other portions of the State, and especially in Hancock and the surrounding counties, saw the progress which was made, and they were jealous. They dreaded the growing power of the Latter-day Saints, and, prompted by the evil one, they were ready to adopt any measure to check it and to destroy the work of God. In a community nearly equally divided into two political parties, a united people like the Latter-day Saints, voting in a solid body, carried with them great weight. In those days the great political parties of the country were Democrats and Whigs. In Illinois the people were nearly equally divided in politics. In some places Democrats were elected; in others, Whigs. But at every election in Hancock County, and in every general election in the

State, the Saints held the balance of power; for whichever party gained their votes carried the election. This also was a great cause of jealousy, and gave rise to bitterness of feeling. Politicians saw a growing power which they could not manage, and which, at no very distant day, would control the State; and they wished it checked. All these causes combined to prompt the legislature to strip the city of its charter, and to reduce it to an almost chaotic condition. The property of any city, not peopled by Latter-day Saints, would have been so depreciated by being deprived of its charter, that its prosperity would have received a severe blow. But not so with Nauvoo. Its growth did not depend upon its charter, or the favor of the legislature, there were other causes which had made it a prosperous city, and they still continued to operate when its charter was wrested from it.

After the repeal of the city charter, the attorney-general of the State, Josiah Lamborn, Esq., wrote a letter to President Young, in which he alluded to the legislature and its action in terms the reverse of complimentary. Said he:

"I have always considered that your enemies have been prompted by religious and political prejudices and by a desire for plunder and blood, more than for the common good. By the repeal of your charter and by refusing all amendments and modifications our legislature has given a kind of sanction to the barbarous manner in which you have been treated. Your two representatives exerted themselves to the extent of their abilities in your behalf, but the tide of popular passion and frenzy was too strong to be resisted. It is truly a melancholy spectacle to witness the law-makers of a sovereign State condescending to pander to the vices, ignorance and malevolence of a class of people who are at all times ready for riot, murder and rebellion."

Referring to Jacob C. Davis, he said:

"Your senator, Jacob C. Davis, has done much to poison the minds of members against anything in your favor. He walks at large in defiance of law, an indicted murderer. If a 'Mormon' was in his position, the senate would afford no protection, but he would be dragged forth to the jail, or to the gallows, or to be shot down by a cowardly and brutal mob."

A stronger contrast could not be given than this alluded to by Mr. Lamborn—the treatment Davis, the murderer, received from the senate, and the treatment a "Mormon" would have received from that body had he been in Davis' place and been accused of, or indicted for, the same crime. Every person of reflection in the State knew that a Latter-day Saint, accused of crime, would receive no mercy at the hands of such men as composed the legislature; they would want him hung or shot down instant.

Mr. Lamborn wrote another paragraph in his letter which contained an excellent exhortation and a very encouraging prophecy:

"All you have to do," said he, "is to be quiet, submissive to the laws and circumspect in your conduct. 'Heap coals of fire on their heads' by humility and kindness, and my word for it, there will be a mighty reaction in the public sentiment, which will ultimately overthrow all your enemies. The 'sober second thought of the people, will always be right, and heaven will protect you against all the assaults of a corrupt and blood-thirsty rabble."

We who live have seen the fulfillment of Mr. Lamborn's words. Heaven has protected the Saints against the attacks and plots of their enemies, and brought them into this once desert land and made of them a mighty and prosperous people.

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS BY A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

BY STREBEN.

(Continued from page 230).

THE struggle was a most severe one, and all the efforts made by the allies of the two cantons to settle the dispute peaceably, were of no avail. Councils were held and judgments were given upon the case at issue; but, Stussi, the mayor of Zurich, a courageous, strong and eloquent man, would not accept the terms offered and determined to allow the war to proceed. Such a resolution was fatal to the city, as it made enemies of all the cantons which formerly were in alliance with Zurich. Schwyz found itself supported by many, while the opposers were left to depend on their own resources.

Stussi, with his forces, was repeatedly defeated and finally enclosed within the city; rebellion began among the troops, and, in order to retain the little courage which the soldiers then possessed, an alliance was formed with Austria, and with this latter power came many of the surrounding rulers to Zurich, hoping by their united efforts to overthrow Schwyz and the confederates, and thus enlarge the districts over which they held control.

On the other hand, the confederates watched the proceedings with considerable anxiety and not without some misgivings, yet their courage never failed, and, feeling assured that they were in the right, they called on God for assistance and placed their trust in Him.

On the 22nd of July, 1444, the two armies met by St. Jacob, on the Sihl, a few miles from Zurich. The conflict was terrible; hundreds fell before the blows of the contenders, and, as the day drew towards a close, it seemed as though the battle would remain undecided, but suddenly a cry of retreat was heard in the ranks of the Zurichers, and then confusion was created. A disorderly and disgraceful flight was the result, and Stussi, in endeavoring to encourage his countrymen to a renewed struggle, was killed. Friends and foes rushed into the city of Zurich together, and the place would certainly have been captured and destroyed by the confederates, had not a woman possessed the presence of mind to close the gates, and thus prevent the joyful victors from entering. Some were, however, already within the walls, but these were very soon overcome.

Such a defeat was sufficient to humble the inhabitants of Zurich for a short time, and they sought peace again. This was readily granted them by their countrymen, and the articles of agreement were prepared for signing, when the news arrived that France was willing to unite in the war against Schwyz and its allies.

This news encouraged the inhabitants of Zurich, and they refused all offers of peace and even went so far as to kill the commissioners which they had appointed to draw up the articles of peace.

The war was again commenced, and, as the expected assistance from France was not given, the Zurichers were again compelled to petition for peace, which was finally granted, when sufficient humility and repentance had been exhibited.

Peace reigned in the city for a number of years after this war, excepting, of course, the small disputes which occasionally arose, but they were soon settled.

The next event which we deem worthy of record in the history of Zurich, occurred in the beginning of the 16th century, at the time of the reformation. At that time there were a great number of Catholic priests who traveled through the country, and pretended to have the power to forgive sins. They had so much influence that they easily made the people believe that their assertions were true, and by this means an immense amount of money was taken from the people, as the price of forgiveness was according to the magnitude of the crime committed.

There were many persons who could see the great injustice done the people by the priests, but no one dared to oppose the Pope, who had almost unlimited power in Switzerland at that time, until the great reformer, Ulrich Zwingli, raised his voice against the great sin then prevailing. He came with the Bible in his hand and sought to prove all his teachings by the word of God.

On New Year's Day, 1519 or on the day he attained the age of thirty-six years, he entered upon the discharge of his duties as preacher in Zurich, and by his eloquence, arguments and sincerity he soon gained many followers. Indeed, he was so successful in his labors that it finally became a law that no one should preach any other doctrine in the city, than what could be proven by the scriptures.

Zwingli thus gained his desire, at least, in having the Bible introduced in every household in Zurich, but he still had many opposers in the towns and villages outside, and these took advantage of every opportunity to injure the reformer by both word or deed. It came so far that an attempt was made to take his life; this, however, was fortunately a failure, and the reformation was pushed forward with greater vigor than before.

Debates were held between the reformers and the Catholic priests, and resulted every time in victory for the former. Also, under those who had left the Catholic ranks, arose difference of opinion on some points of doctrine, which would have caused disunion among the reformers had it not been for the master mind of Zwingli; he took the scriptures in hand and with these settled all the difficulties which arose.

At this time, there was a law compelling all priests to remain unmarried, but this was also changed and the leader gave his followers an example by marrying a widow, with whom he lived in happiness until his death.

Some trouble was also caused by a Baptist sect, that had its origin in Germany. The members of this sect acknowledged no law of the land, but acted according to their own inclinations. This brought them often in contact with the law, and many, upon being imprisoned, effected their escape, and then said they had been released by the angels. Others played with the little dogs, crawled around on the floor, cried like a child and tore their clothes, saying that Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Still others destroyed their Bibles and allowed the "spirit" to guide them because "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." Some even went so far as to kill their relatives, as the promptings of the spirit directed.

These things continued for some time, and efforts were made at first to subvert these fanatics by love and forbearance; but as this was of no avail, more severe measures were adopted until the sect either ceased to exist altogether, or the members, at least, stopped their horrible practices.

Shortly after these events, Zwingli was called to Germany by the great reformer, Martin Luther, and, although these two men were united in their endeavors to overthrow the

Roman Catholic priests, still they were divided on a point of doctrine in their own religion. Luther taught that the wine and bread taken at the sacrament really did become flesh and blood of Jesus Christ at the moment of partaking, while Zwingli upheld the idea that the wine and bread were merely the emblems of the flesh and blood of our Savior. A lengthy discussion was held on this subject, but it was of no avail, as both parties continued to believe their ideas to be correct, and these two noted men never did agree upon this point.

The progress made by the reformers awakened the displeasure of the opposite power to such a degree that it finally came to war. Zurich, with its allies, had to combat with the inhabitants of the cantons, Schwyz, Glarus, Zug, Unterwalden and Lucerne. Near by Kappel the two armies met, that of the latter party outnumbering the former several times. Zwingli acted as chaplain and field-preacher under the ranks of the Zurichers. The conflict resulted, however, in the defeat of the reformers, and the great leader, while comforting a dying soldier, was wounded severely on the head by a stone, and a short time after he was discovered by one of the enemy, who requested him to confess his sins openly and ask forgiveness.

(To be Continued.)

THE LITTLE COG-WHEEL.

WE lately heard a friend relate a dream which conveyed such a good lesson that we cannot forbear telling it for the benefit of our readers.

Brother J. P. S— embraced the gospel in Pennsylvania at an early period of the Church's history, when persecution was rife, apostasies were frequent, and when the faith of those who clung to the truth was put to a severe test.

An Elder of experience lived near him, to whom Brother S— naturally looked for counsel, and when he wanted information on any point of doctrine or encouragement in the struggle to withstand the opposition which he met, he applied to him. Upon one occasion, however, when he called upon that Elder, he found him feeling despondent, and not in a condition to give him much encouragement. He had become imbued with the disaffected ideas of some of the apostates from the Church. But he was rather reticent upon the subject. He had not gone so far in apostasy as to be bold in expressing his feelings. He merely hinted that there was something wrong with the Church, but would explain no farther.

Brother S— left him with anxious forebodings and impressed that something really must be wrong, as this Elder had intimated. With this feeling he went to bed. During the night he had a dream, in which he found himself in a grist mill belonging to his father, a building he had been familiar with from childhood. He had been sent there to make some repairs, as it was supposed some of the machinery was out of order. But he searched for the faulty place from one end of the mill to the other, and from the wheel pit to the very roof without being able to find it. He had almost grown up in that mill. He was as well acquainted with every nook and corner and piece of machinery about the place as if he had made the building himself, and yet he could find no part that was out of order. In fact, he never saw the mill in better condition. When about to give up the search, he bethought himself of a little cog-wheel that was sometimes connected with the main driving wheel for the purpose of running an elevator, but it was very seldom used and had been idle a long time. He went and examined it

and found it covered with cobwebs and dust to such an extent that he could not make it work properly until he had thoroughly brushed and cleaned it, after which the machinery was set in motion and worked beautifully.

He awoke with the impression that this dream was intended for a lesson to him, and that the mill represented the Church. "Who then," he mentally asked, "can that little cog-wheel represent?" The answer was quickly suggested to his mind, that it meant himself, he bearing about the same relation to the Church that the little cog-wheel did to the mill. The little wheel was about the most insignificant part of the whole machinery, and he considered himself one of the most unimportant members of the Church.

He made up his mind from that moment to look more closely to himself, to brush up his own mind, to keep his own course clean, and not to borrow trouble about the Church. The result was that "Strangism," "Rigdonism," and the various other schisms that were developed among the apostates from the Church had no effect upon him. He sought and obtained the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and ever had a testimony that the principles he had embraced were of God.

Since then when he has heard of evils existing in the Church, he has thought of that little cog-wheel, and of the necessity of being more diligent himself in performing his duties as a Latter-day Saint. In proportion to his zeal and faithfulness, his testimony has ever been strong that the power of God has been and is with His people. He has noticed that when men have conceived the idea that the Church was in error and was about to go to pieces, the result has proved that there was something wrong with themselves. While they have gone into darkness and left the faith, the work of God has moved steadily onward. The general condition of the Church has always been more healthy after getting rid of such persons, and its moral atmosphere more pure after each little storm of opposition which has beset it.

SELF EXAMINATION.

BY J. A. L.

IT would be well to sometimes ask ourselves the following or similar questions:

What is the aim of our conduct, the object of our life?

What motives shall stimulate our energies and insure future development into nobler, purer and, therefore, better men?

When we die, will the world be the better or the worse for our having lived in it?

Are we fulfilling the highest law of humanity, helping others to live while sustaining ourselves, or are we, like a leech, fattening on the life's energies of others, regardless of consequences; and thus exhibiting our own supreme selfishness?

Is a debt accumulating against us in this way, which will have to be paid with interest?

As youth matures into manhood and the serious work of life commences, a frequent self-examination might be the means of avoiding errors which would culminate in serious evil to ourselves and those we love.

It is one thing to barely live, because we cannot well do otherwise—to eat, drink and sleep with the common herd of animal life, and another to live to some purpose.

Though, apparently, we may accomplish but little—though our actions may not seem to be of much importance, it is possible that our experience may be very profitable to ourselves. It may make us wiser and better. Our motives of

action are sometimes purified in the fiery furnace of affliction, fitting us for a better existence.

We should keep in mind that salvation is perfected manhood, and often ask if we are in the way that leads to it.

The Lord, through the gospel, shows us the way to obtain that perfection, and any doctrine or principle is good in proportion as it will assist us, and bad in proportion as it leads us from it.

Do we begin to doubt the principles of the gospel, as revealed from the heavens? We had better look around and study the results, morally and physically, of principles presented for our consideration. At the same time, it is our privilege to ask for the inspiration of the Holy One that we may not err.

We cannot forget, if we would, that this is a world of antagonisms, where the good and the evil are constantly struggling for the mastery. The conditions of our existence force us to take part in the struggle.

Every principle which teaches to do good, which ennobles character, which increases our knowledge of the Creator, of ourselves, or of the elements around us, pertains to pure religion, and is embodied in the science of theology in its most comprehensive sense.

It should be our daily prayer that we may comprehend our way before the Lord; that we may see ourselves as He sees us; become like him; live in His Spirit, and be fitted to enjoy His presence.

PLAYING TRICKS.

BOYS are given to playing tricks on each other, and sometimes on some people whom they pain greatly—more than their enjoyment is compensation for. If tricks give pain to any one they are to be condemned. Did it ever occur to you, boys, how much more pleasure you might gain, if your tricks were calculated to surprise and give the parties on whom they are played pleasure instead of pain? Here is a story which illustrates what we mean. Let every boy who reads it look out for opportunities to promote his own character:

A young man was studying at a college. One afternoon he walked out with an instructor, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes, which appeared to belong to a poor old man at work close by.

"Let us have a little amusement at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we should hide those shoes and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich. Suppose you put a silver dollar in the toe of each of his shoes; and then we will hide."

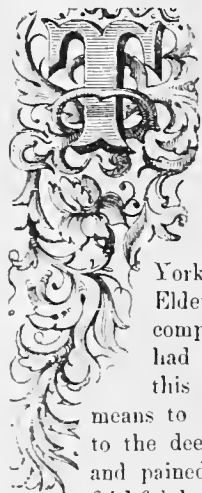
The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise, when he stooped down to pick out a pebble as he supposed from the toe, and found a bright silver dollar; and when he found still another in the other shoe, his feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a long, fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding-place deeply affected? Young friends, when you wish to enjoy real pleasure in witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot, some way, imitate this student. Such tricks are well worth being performed.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HE 3rd of October just past, was to us a day of unusual sadness. Happily for us, it is seldom that such a series of casualties crowd upon us in one day, as did upon that occasion. We had scarcely recovered from the first shock produced by the news of Brother Pratt's death, when a telegram was received from Brother Moses Thatcher, sent from New York, conveying the painful intelligence that Elder Feramor Little Young, who was his companion and fellow-missionary in Mexico, had died of typhoid fever, one hundred miles this side of Havanna, and, for the want of means to preserve the body, it had been committed to the deep. The same afternoon we were grieved and pained on learning the sad news that one of our faithful brethren, who was at work on the temple in this city, Brother William Pullen, had fallen from the wall and been killed.

We felt sick at heart on seeing Brother Pullen's body, and thinking about the deep sorrow that would rest down upon the widow and the children who had lost, so suddenly, a husband and father. Our sympathetic feelings had already been thoroughly aroused by a sad interview with Sister Lucy Decker Young, the mother of our young friend who had died at sea, in witnessing her grief and the anguish of her children—her daughters and her sons. This intelligence came as a sudden blow. Only the evening previous one of his sisters had gone to the train in the fond expectation of meeting him, he having said in his last letter to them that he would probably reach this city on the evening of the 2nd. The bedroom had been prepared, food had almost been cooked in readiness for him to partake of, and we can all imagine the shock that such intelligence as this would bring to the heart of a widowed mother and of tender-hearted and loving sisters and brothers.

It would have been some consolation if his body could have been returned, for his friends to witness it and pay to it their last tribute of respect; but it was not to be. Elder Moses Thatcher did all that the fondest affection could suggest, to allay his sufferings and to save his life. The officers and others on board the vessel, too, cared for him with tender solicitude; but when he died there was no alternative but to consign his body to a watery grave. The climate was too warm to think of preserving it, with the poor facilities at hand.

Probably there is no young man of his age who is better fitted to go hence than Feramor Little Young was. He was twenty-three years old the 16th of last September, having lived twenty-three years and eleven days.

His mother said, in speaking of his life, she could not recall to mind a single incident of his life that was painful, or a single act that was wrong. He had lived a pure life. He was possessed of a sweet, angelic nature. It is rarely w-

fied such spirits as his. From his childhood up he was a pure, obedient and lovely boy. He not only loved his parents and his kindred, but he loved God, and he loved His truth and rejoiced in it.

His life was an exemplary one. It was a matter of surprise to some that one who had mingled so much with the world—for since he was sixteen years of age he has lived away from home—should be so true a Latter-day Saint. No tea or coffee for him; no stimulants, no tobacco for him. He kept the Word of Wisdom, when others who were his seniors, and had advantages over him in many respects, violated it.

When he was sixteen years of age, there being a vacancy at the Annapolis Naval School, no cadet from this Territory being there, he had a desire to go and take that position. There were obstacles thrown in the way; but it seemed as though he had a revelation to the effect that he would go. He was quite undisturbed when his father told him it would be best not to go, and when his mother asked him how he felt about the matter, he replied, "Oh, it is all right; I shall go." He had no argument to offer. The matter was reconsidered, and his father told him he could go. He was nominated and went, and passed a good examination and entered the naval academy at Annapolis, as a cadet.

He had a good influence there with his fellow cadets and with the officers of the academy. He remained there two years and about four months, pursuing his studies with some degree of distinction, standing well in his classes.

When he was home, having leave of absence for a few weeks, his father, President Young, spoke to him about going back again, and asked him if he was satisfied. He replied he was quite willing to go back, indeed he preferred to do so.

But the President was not satisfied in his own feelings concerning his son pursuing that avocation. He seemed to dislike the idea of his boy filling the occupation of a naval officer, and he sent for him, after finding out that he could resign without discredit. Though his wish appeared to be to stay, Feramor never hesitated a moment. He tendered his resignation which was accepted, and he received a most honorable release. The principal officers of the academy spoke in the highest terms of him as a cadet, as to his conduct in life, and as a student. From there he went to the Polytechnic Institution at Troy, where he made great advances in his studies. He remained there three years and graduated at that institution and came home.

Some time afterwards he was appointed on this mission to Mexico, a mission which he ardently desired to take. He desired to labor in the ministry of God. His heart was not weaned from this work, although he had gone forth a youth, when but sixteen years of age, to mingle with the world. He remained true to God.

As we all know, there were some things that occurred here in which he had an opportunity of showing the unselfishness of his character. He received his portion of his father's estate. But he said upon one occasion—and he repeated the same thing afterwards at a meeting of the family to talk about affairs—that he would give every dollar he was entitled to out of that estate if peace could be preserved. He was willing to sacrifice all his share rather than have any difficulty between his brothers and sisters, or any one else, and he repeated this more than once. He thought more of the peace of God and the Holy Spirit than he did of the things of the earth, and in this he showed the nobility of his character, the purity of his motives and feelings, and his love for that work in which he was born.

The following extract from a letter written by him, will give an idea of the spirit he entertained:

"There never was a time before when I could read Church works with so much pleasure; there never was a time when I felt more convinced of the truth of our religious principles, nor when the same appeared so simple, comprehensive and glorious. I never was engaged in any work that I felt a greater desire to excel in. My greatest disappointment is that I cannot be reading, writing, at home and abroad, all at the same moment, for I find pleasure in all.

"I expect to finish the reading of the Doctrine and Covenants in a day or two, and then Brothers Thateber, Stewart, and myself are going to work to search out and compile historical and Biblical evidences of the Book of Mormon. Without our having particularly looked for them, so many evidences have presented themselves that they seem almost convincing to an unbelieving mind. Among some of the most important, are, that all historians accord to the Indians a knowledge of the creation, the flood and of the Savior.

"The Indians have a tradition that their book of God is buried somewhere on this continent: and they give an account of a personage appearing on this continent which so much resembled Jesus that the Catholics had to recognize the fact, and they now call it the 'appearance of Saint Thomas,' not being willing to admit it to be the Savior. Again, two of the leading historians say that the modern race came from the tower of Babel in eight boats, while a third differs only in the number, which he says was seven. You will readily perceive the connection between this and the Jaredite record.

"In Central America there is a river called Moroni. Boturini, a leading historian, calls one race of Indians the 'Neophytes'—readily distinguished in 'Nephites.' The calendar-stone, now to be seen in the side of the cathedral, in this city, dates the beginning of the Nahua, or Toltec race at 231, A. D. The Book of Mormon states that in that year the people became divided into two nations, the Nephites and Lamanites; and thus innumerable cases of agreement between history and tradition on the one side, and the Book of Mormon on the other might be cited, but letters are too brief.

"I look forward to our contemplated work with pleasure as I believe that it will prove, not only instructive to ourselves, but to mankind in general, and may prove the salvation of some."

A letter from which the following extract is taken, was written upon hearing of the death of his sister Zina's child, at Provo, and it seems that it was almost prophetic of his own fate, and gives an indication of the feelings that animated his bosom:

"I was surprised," he says, "as well as saddened, to hear of Zina's loss; and yet I cannot feel the sorrow which the world say I ought to feel, even for looks' sake. There are pleasures I dream of here, and I sometimes feel that I hope God will spare me till I may see the world in my earthly state. But oftener the thoughts of death have no terrors for me. I sometimes feel that when God shall say to me 'Thy time has come,' that I can kneel and thank Him. I truly think that we, as Saints, should realize that after the first-felt pangs of loss are over, that we should drive sorrow for parted ones away from our mind, when we know that their salvation is secured. I am not very good at scripture, but I think Jesus said that little children should be suffered to come unto Him, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, and that the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than was John the Baptist. If we are to believe this, I think our lot and not that of the

dead who die in the Lord is to be mourned, unless we feel certain of our faithfulness.

"Zina has met with a sad loss, and I pray to God that He will cheer her; yet I hope that she will not put on mourning and a downcast face, for that will only add to her misery, and is not pleasing to God. It surely is not praiseworthy of His kingdom. Don't think me without feeling, but death has come to be, to me, a thing that does not possess the sting it used to. I never understood how grand, yet simple compared with the indefinable idea of modern sectarians, is the great plan of salvation until I came here. Such things as eating, drinking, vegetation, animals, etc., being part of the things of the hereafter I had never thought of. But when I began to understand that this life might be called a model of the next, I then began to take pleasure in reading and thinking about it; and the more I did so, the less I felt and feel to remain here subject to the temptation of falling away, except as God requires it."

He is gone, and the desire that he scarcely dared to express to go hence—a desire that he only repressed for fear that he might grieve God—has been granted, and he has gone. But though his body sleeps beneath the waves, as President Taylor truthfully remarked, it will yet come forth at the sound of the trump of the archangel. Not only will the dead come forth from their graves, those who have laid down their bodies in righteousness, but also the sea itself will yield its dead to meet the Savior at His coming. There is no doubt about this.

It is no loss to the faithful dead to be buried in this way. It may be a source of grief that we cannot go to the graves of our loved ones, and there manifest our affection for them. Yet, though this may be painful to reflect upon, it is a glorious consolation for Sister Lucy Decker Young and all the kindred and all the family of President Young, that this young man, this faithful soul, has died under such glorious circumstances in the path of duty.

We trust the young people of our Church may draw lessons of comfort and strength from the example set to us by our young brother, Feramorz Little Young.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY J. N.

THIS is a very interesting picture. Just look at the boy! He has been painting a human head. He has not made a very good job of it; for it is not easy to tell whether it is meant to represent a man or a woman. It is a very tall head; and just look at that chin!

But this lad thinks he has done well. He looks at his work admiringly, and thinks he is a real artist, and no mistake.

This is not so well for him, for boys who are conceited do not make much progress, as a rule. They think they know things better than other people, and are therefore not willing to be taught.

Remember this, boys, and don't you feel in that way, for all of you have a great deal to learn.

Many men who have become great artists began just as the boy in the picture has, by drawing very poor sketches at first, when they were little boys. When they did not make a good picture they did not give it up, but tried again, and again, and again, doing better at each trial, until they made fine pictures, and became great and famous. Boys who easily get discouraged never become great men.

Boys, don't you get downhearted because you fail once or twice, or a dozen times, in something you try to do. What others have done, you can do if you try often enough.

If you want to be great in anything, you will have to work hard, and put your whole mind into it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, a great English painter, said: "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or

did not have as good a chance as the boy in the picture, who has a palette, paint and brush.

In painting as in everything else, a boy has to be very careful and do the very best he can. Never mind if it takes a long time, do it well. Learn to do good work first, and if it is needful to do it fast, learn that part afterwards. Never slight anything.



unwilling: morning, noon and night: they will find it no play, but very hard labor."

Richard Wilson, the first great English landscape painter, commenced his practice when he was but a little child, by drawing the figures of men and animals on his father's house, with a piece of burnt stick. When he was a little fellow he

A great American artist was in this city only a few weeks ago. His landscapes are not surpassed by those of any painter in the country. They are very beautiful. Everything in them is painted with great care. The gentleman's name is Albert Bierstadt. I had the pleasure of meeting this great artist when he was in Utah. Having seen and admired some

of his pictures, I said to him :

"I have noticed that in your paintings you give great attention to the smallest details. Everything, even to the leaves on the trees appear as if perfect. I judge from this that you must labor a long time on them. I noticed this peculiarity especially in a scene in the Wind river country."

"Yes," he replied, "you are quite right. Do you know I worked four years on that one picture before I was willing to call it finished?"

Here, boys, was the secret of Mr. Bierstadt's success. He was not satisfied to do his work in a slovenly manner. He worked patiently and persevered until it was as near perfect as he could get it.

I say to you, boys, who read this, and girls, too, whether you draw or paint, or do anything else that is good, remember such examples of patience, industry and perseverance as that shown by Mr. Bierstadt and, "Go thou and do likewise."

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 231.)

AFTER refreshing ourselves with a repast of currie and rice, prepared by the kitnigur of the bungalow, we ensconced ourselves in our palanquins and proceeded on our journey.

Brother Meik and I each had eight palanquins and two bangy bearers, making twenty in all. As we traveled day and night, when the curtains of darkness settled down upon us we had an additional help in the shape of a torch bearer, who went ahead of the palanquins, carrying a large, lighted torch to illuminate our path in the night and to scare off the Bengal tiger and other beasts of prey.

Our retinue, especially in the night, had quite an imposing appearance so that the beasts of the jungle would rather slink into the thickets than risk an attack. It sometimes happened with travelers, although not in our case, that where a growl of a tiger was heard the bearers would drop their burden and run to save themselves.

Our bearers were composed of two sets, so as to relieve each other several times during the stage, which averaged from ten to twelve miles, at the termination of which another relay of bearers were awaiting our arrival, who would immediately shoulder the load, never permitting it to rest on the ground.

Before proceeding farther, I will give my readers a brief description of a palanquin, which is a conveyance generally used by the Orientals, for the transportation of travelers, in lieu of carriages, especially where there are no regular high-ways.

It is a wooden box, about eight feet in length, four feet high, and four feet wide, with slide doors on each side made like Venetian window-shutters, which can, at pleasure, be arranged to let in fresh air or to shut out the rain, which falls incessantly during certain seasons, or to exclude the scorching rays of the sun. A pole at each end is fixed into an iron ring, under which the bearers, four in number, two at each end, carry the palanquin. The inside is adorned with a superb mattress and two or three bolsters on which the traveler can recline. It is also provided with hanging straps through which the occupant can thrust his arms to help bear the weight of his body when in a sitting posture. A drawer and

shelf are in front, with convenient pouches arranged on the sides to hold notions suitable for the journey.

When two are traveling together, by sliding back the shutter the inmates can converse as in a carriage.

The bearers keep time, so that both palanquins are together. They travel on the dog trot, singing their home ditties.

Our palanquin bearers were without shoes, in fact, the whole attire in which their bodies were adorned, was simply a scanty piece of cloth around their loins. When passing over uneven ground and through jungles, where the pathway was strewn with large, sharp thorns, the bearers under the pole behind, not being able to see their way, would sing *euperdur*, that is for the bearers in front to go carefully, when they would reply, *utcha* (we will). They would keep up this chant, with an occasional break of *canta, canta*, from the bearers behind, which was a signal that one had got a thorn in his foot. They would halt, still bearing the palanquin on their shoulders, and the one who was wounded would stick his foot out when one of the relief bearers would pull out the thorn, if he could, and if not, break it off, after which they would continue their journey.

Bangy bearers carry the luggage of the traveler, which is generally packed in tin trunks, set in a light wooden frame and suspended from the ends of a springy bamboo, which they carry across their shoulders.

In the night we arrived at the Drumoodah river, and were conveyed across without any delay. During the night we had two changes of bearers, who were at their posts, and at 10 a. m. the next day we arrived at the Midnapore bungalow, a distance of seventy-one miles from Calcutta.

We remained at this place till 4 p. m. We crossed the Cossac river, which was greatly swollen through the continuous rains, as we were in the midst of a rainy season. As we progressed we found the roads sticky and heavy, which was very fagging to the poor bearers, and we occasionally walked to relieve them a little. When nearing the Tooberke river we began to meet streams of pilgrims who were returning from the temple of Juggernaut where they had been to worship. Women are usually true to their principles. We found no general exceptions to this character, even among the Hindoos, for two-third of the pilgrims were women of middle age and upwards, who were waddling their way home in the mud and mire.

The returned pilgrims, invariably, had with them a small budget. Upon inquiry, we found them to contain sweet and other meats that had been dedicated at the shrine, which they were taking home to their friends.

When we came to the river, we crossed over without any trouble, as the great bulk of the travel was from the Juggernaut side of the river, which we found swarming with people who appeared jaded and bespattered with mud. Thirteen large boats were busily occupied in getting the throng across. The entire space on each boat was filled to overflowing, so much so that even the outside of the boats, where human creature, could in anywise cling, was used by pilgrims holding on by their hands and suffering themselves to be dragged through the river to reach the opposite shore.

Being the only Anglo Saxons among the vast multitude, we were importuned by a large body of the pilgrims, who were awaiting transportation across the river, setting forth their grievances, that the ferrymen were imposing upon the multitude of pilgrims, by extorting two pice for the passage of each across the river when the usual price was one half pice (the value of an English farthing). Brother Meik informed

them, as soon as he reached Balespore, which was near by, he would lay this matter of extortion by the ferrymen upon pilgrims before the magistrate, who was his nephew, and whose position gave him the supervision of this matter. As soon as this was communicated to the multitude, we were overwhelmed by *salams*, from the pilgrims, and the ferrymen concluded to drop down to the usual fare.

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS ABOUT NATURE.

BY G. R.

OUR little sister is in a pensive mood. What are her thoughts?

Most probably they are such as the scene by which she is surrounded have given rise to.



Perhaps she is wondering why the grass is green, and the sky is blue, or why they are not some other color.

Now this is not a foolish thought by any means, and to simply answer, "Because they are," does not make us any wiser or satisfy the mind.

There is a reason, and a good one, why all things in nature are as they are.

One answer that can be given to all these questions is, because they are *best* as they are. God, who made them, knows all about the works of His hands, and they come forth from Him very good. But there are philosophical and scientific reasons why the sky is blue and the grass green, which we could talk about were we writing for advanced pupils. Still, most of our readers, no matter how young, can understand how very painful it would be to our eyes if the ground was orange-color, the grass all red, and the sky yellow. The

glare of the sun shining on such colors would be exceedingly painful to our eyes, which would become diseased, and we should grow partly or entirely blind, or we would require different kind of eyes. But the green and the blue of the grass and the sky are a rest and a relief to them, and we do not weary of looking at either.

And, then, the gorgeous hues of sunset, when our mountains and valleys are tinged with gold, and made glorious as Eden, with the tints of rose, crimson, purple and a thousand varying colors, come to us as a pleasing change, which we can better appreciate in contrast with the cooler, quieter greys, browns, blues and greens which nature wears as her usual dress. So we appreciate both, but if we had to part with either, it would be better to lose the glories of the sunset than to be bereft of the more sombre hues of the rest of the day.

Then, again, we prize the beauty of the blossoms and flowers radiant with all the colors of the rainbow and many more besides, but they would not seem half so lovely were it not for the surrounding green leaves which act as a contrast and give variety to the picture.

A rose bush without a green leaf on it, though profuse with blossoms, would not have the same pleasing effect as one with fewer flowers but with the usual quantity of green leaves.

Many of us can, perhaps, remember how strange and disagreeable the bushes, trees, and plants appeared after the locusts had swooped down upon them and devoured all the leaves. They looked pitiful skeletons, a weariness and an offense to the eye.

Perhaps our little lady, as she rests and ponders may have other thoughts. She may wonder why the largest fruit does not grow on the tallest trees; why the prettiest fruit does not always taste the sweetest, and many other things.

There is no harm in pondering on these things, they tend to make us thoughtful and observant.

There is a reason for all things, the why and wherefore of many things have been discovered, but there still remains many mysteries in nature that have not yet been made plain.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

OUR SAVIOR.

BY ANN FELLOWS.

JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, was once a little child. He was born in Beth-le-hem, in Ju-dea, in A-sia. His moth-er's name was Mary. We ob-serve Christ-mas Day as His birth-day.

When this earth was first cre-a-ted, God plant-ed on it a beau-ti-ful gar-den, in Ed-en. This was where Ad-am and Eve lived.

God told Ad-am that he might eat the fruit of ev-er-y tree in the gar-den, ex-cept that "of the tree of the knowl-edge of good and e-vil." The Lord said that in the day that he ate of that he should die.

But Sa-tan tempt-ed Eve. She ate some of the fruit, and gave some to Ad-am. Then Ad-am died; but not in so short a time as we call a day, for a day with God was one thou-sand of our years, and Ad-am died when nine hun-dred and thir-ty years old.

That was the first sin that was com-mit-ted on the earth. Christ came to a-tone for our sins. When He was twelve years old He be-gan to teach the peo-ple in the tem-ple at Je-ru-sa-lem, and "grew in fa-vor with God and man." He was o-be-di-ent to His par-ents.

Je-sus Christ loved lit-tle chil-dren. Once, some were brought to Him that He should put His hands on them and pray, but the dis-ci-ples re-buked those who brought them.

"But when Je-sus saw it, He was much dis-pleased, and said un-to them, Suf-fer the lit-tle child-ren to come un-to me, and for-bid them not: for of such is the king-dom of heav-en. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands up-on them, and blessed them."

Jair-us, a ru-ler of the Syn-a-gogue, came to Him and fell at His feet and said, "My lit-tle daugh-ter li-eth at the point of death: I pray Thee, come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live." Je-sus went with him, but some one met them and told the ru-ler his daugh-ter was dead. And when He was in He said un-to them: "Why make ye this ado, and weep? the dam-sel is not dead but sleep-eth." And they laughed Him to scorn. But when

He had put them all out He took the fath-er and the moth-er of the dam-sel, and those who were with Him, and en-tered in where the dam-sel was ly-ing.

And He took her by the hand and said: "Dam-sel, I say un-to thee, a-rise."

She then a-rose and walked, for she was twelve years of age.

Ju-sus was cru-ci-fi-ed in a place called Gol-goth-a, but on-ly lay in His grave three days, then He a-rose from the dead and af-ter-wards vis-it-ed the peo-ple on this con-ti-nent.

On one oc-ca-sion, here He com-mand-ed that their lit-tle chil-dren should be brought to Him. They brought them and set them down up-on the ground, and Je-sus stood in their midst. Then He com-mand-ed the mul-ti-tude to kneel; af-ter-wards He knelt and prayed to God. Then He took their lit-tle chil-dren, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed un-to the Fath-er for them.

And when He had done this He wept a-gain, and He spake un-to the mul-ti-tude, and said un-to them, "be-hold your lit-tle ones."

And as they looked to be-hold, they cast their eyes to-wards heav-en, and they saw the heav-ens o-pen, and they saw an-gels de-scend-ing out of heav-en, as it were, in the midst of fire; and they came down and en-cir-cled those lit-tle ones about and they were sur-round-ed with fire; and the an-gels did min-is-ter un-to them.

All that I have told you is true, and oc-curred man-y hun-dred years ago.

In this age the Lord is yet mind-ful of lit-tle chil-dren, for in a rev-e-la-tion to Jo-seph Smith, He says, "They can-not sin, for pow-er is not giv-en un-to Sa-tan to tempt them."

"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT."

WORDS BY WM. WILLES.

MUSIC BY JNO. S. LEWIS.

Lively.

There's mil - lions in the Sun - day school, Yes millions I de - clare, Of ben - e - fits to
 be de - rived By those at - tending there. The gospel plan we hear explained By teachers
 whom we love; And by o - bedience we will gain Ce - les - tial joys a - bove.
 Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions, yes millions, yes millions, yes millions, millions in it.
 Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions, yes there's millions millions, millions in it.
 Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions in it, Oh, there's millions, yes millions, yes millions, yes millions, millions in it.

We learn the way on earth to live
 To do our Father's will;
 Obedience to our teachers give,
 And cheerfully fulfill
 Our duties; to our parents dear,
 Respectful kindness show;
 In all our actions be sincere;
 In wisdom daily grow.

We learn to work for Zion's weal,
 Engage with heart and hand,
 To make a long and loud appeal,
 That nothing can withstand;

That this great cause may rise and shine
 And be a great success—
 Our fallen nature to refine,
 With power to save and bless.

None are too young, none are too old
 To lend a helping hand,
 To keep the lambs within the fold,
 Throughout our favored land;
 That none may ever from us stray,
 When in the paths of youth,
 Or be to roaming wolves a prey—
 Forsake the way of truth.

NATURAL desires should be trained to yield to the claims of a higher life, when there is a conflict between them; but there is no reason for suppressing them when there is no such conflict. On the contrary, it is the path of duty to obey the teachings of nature and to spurn them not. We cannot afford to leave any part of our being to itself, still less to ignore and despise it. All parts are so interdependent that the neglect of one involves the detriment of the whole; but each must yield when a higher good demands it, and should always be under proper control.

EVIL men speak that which they wish rather than that which they know.

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